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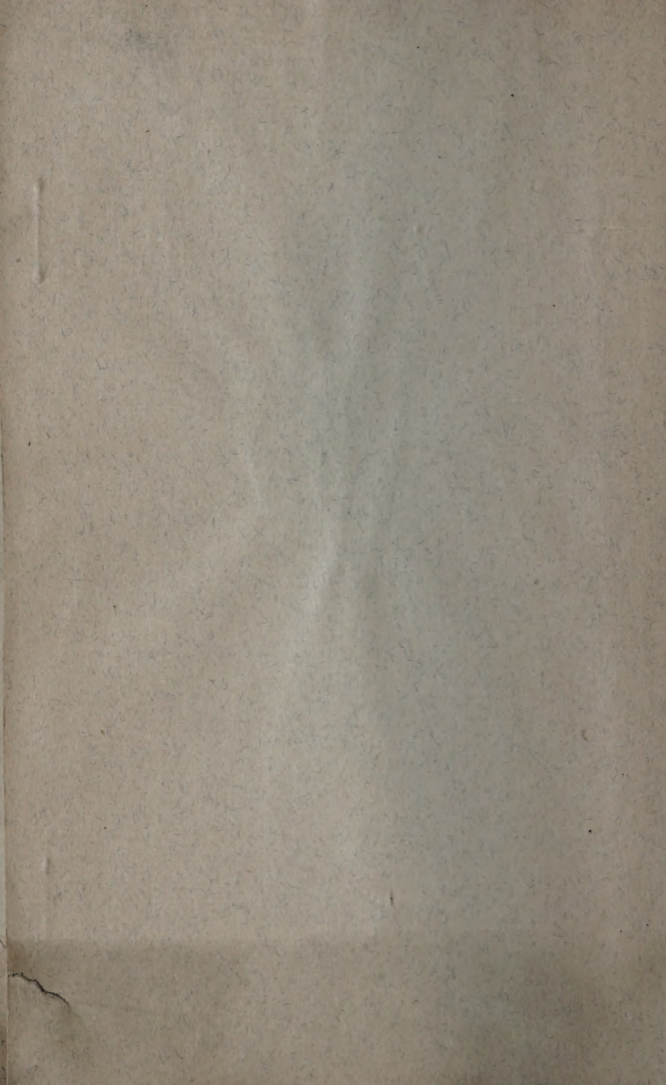
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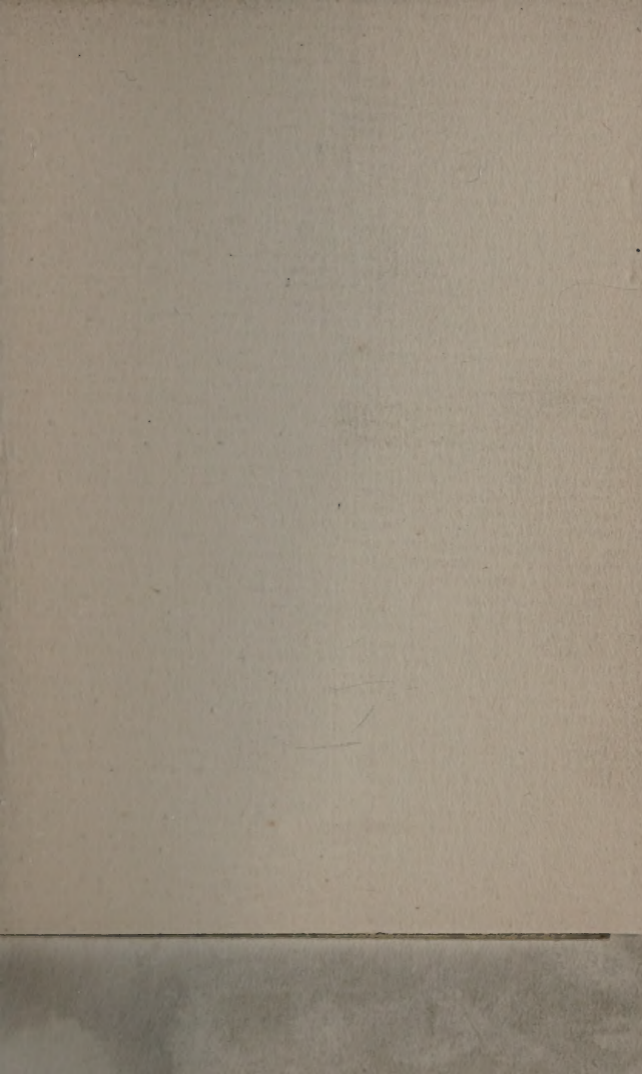


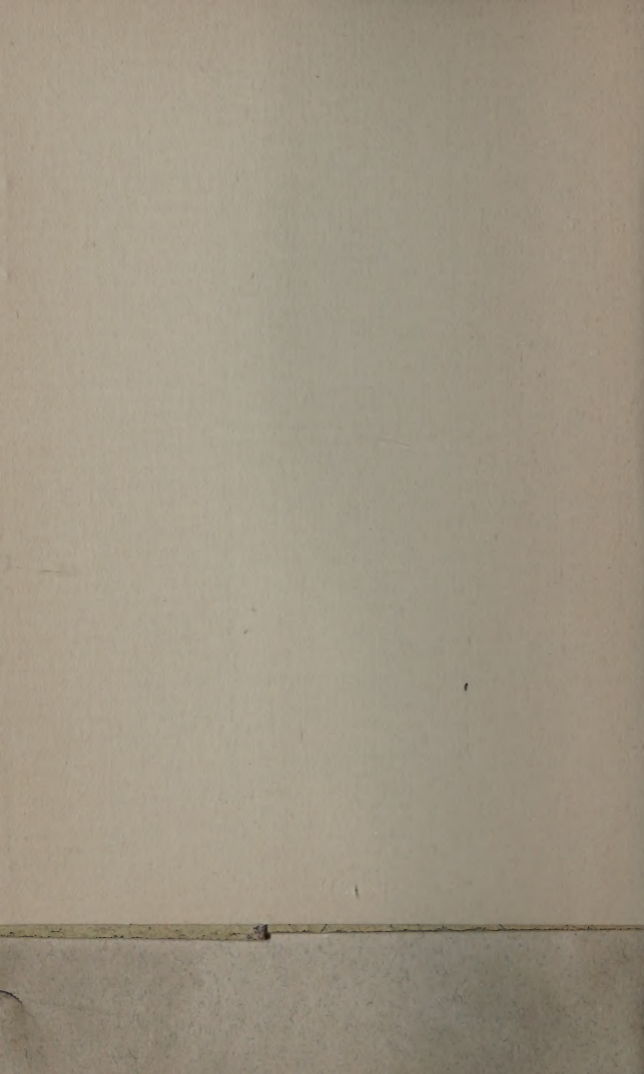
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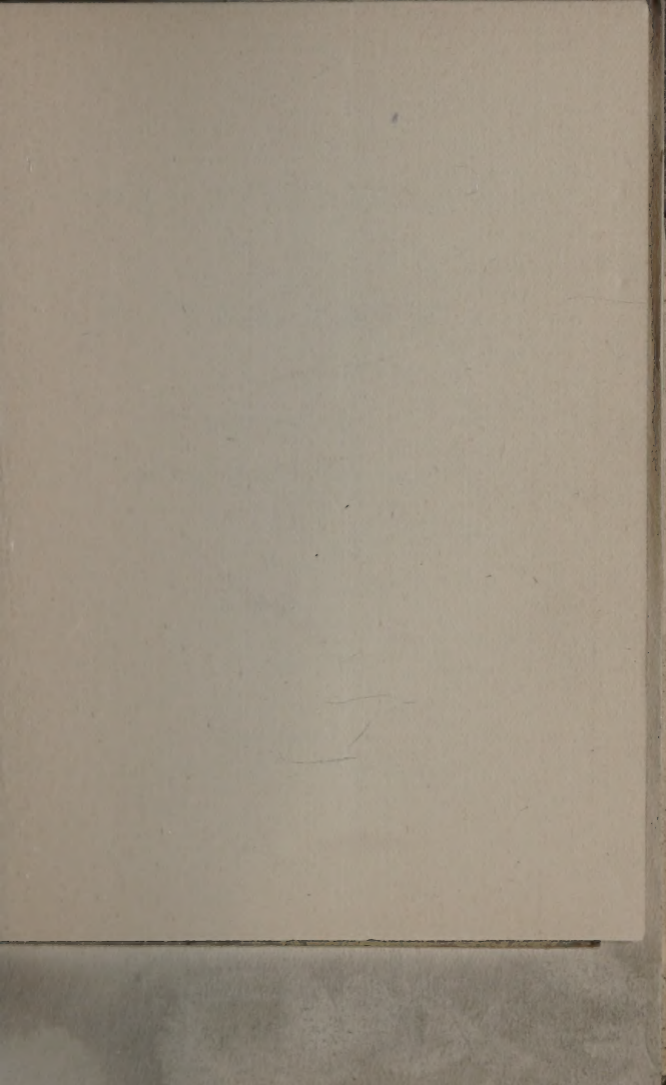
Breezes from the Fields.

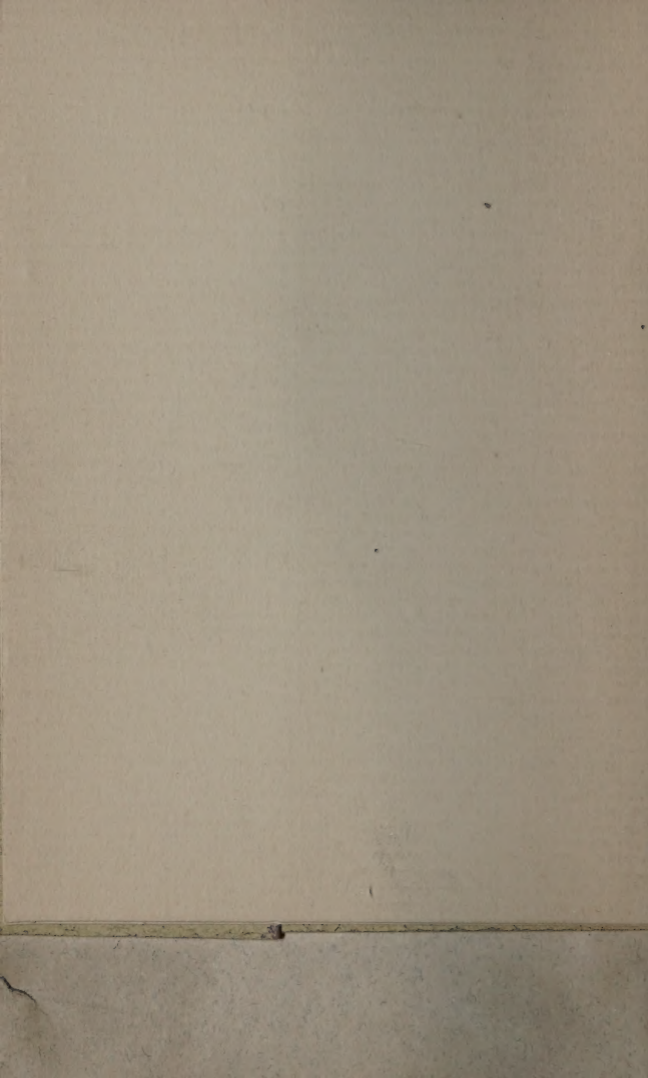
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Breezes * from * the * Field.

AL - FRESCO - VIGNETTES

SELECTED BY

William Sloane Kennedy.

225927



BOSTON:
SAMUEL E. CASSINO.

C

Estate of Caroline Dornas Murdoch

through

MR. JOHN MURDOCH.

NOV. 6, 1902.

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“Then will I, tasting, say,—
This is arbutus’ gift,
Reached from the leafy drift,
On a glistening April day.”



BREEZES FROM THE FIELD.



SUCH a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across :
Violets were born !

Sky — what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud : —
Splendid, a star !

Day !
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last ;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay ;
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away ;

But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the
world.

The year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn ;
Morning 's at seven ;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled ;
The lark 's on the wing ;
The snail 's on the thorn :
God 's in his heaven —
All 's right with the world !

Robert Browning.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

WHEN ice is black upon the pond,
And woods and ways are choked with snow,
The robin flutters in.
The little maids, with wide, glad eyes,
Stand spellbound, lest a breath or sign
Shall scare him from his crumbs.

William Canton.

THE BUMBLE-BEE.

As I lay yonder in tall grass,
A drunken bumble-bee went past,
Delirious with honey toddy.
The golden sash about his body
Scarce kept it in his swollen belly
Distent with honeysuckle jelly.
Rose liquor and the sweet-pea wine
Had filled his soul with song divine ;
Deep had he drunk the warm night through ;
His hairy thighs were wet with dew.
Full many an antic he had played
While the world went round through sleep and shade.
Oft had he lit with thirsty lip
Some flower-cup's nectared sweets to sip.
When on smooth petals he would slip,
Or over tangled stamens trip,
And, headlong in the pollen rolled,
Crawl out quite dusted o'er with gold,
Or else his heavy feet would stumble
Against some bud, and down he 'd tumble
Amongst the grass ; there lie and grumble
In low, soft bass — poor maudlin bumble !

Henry A. Beers.

YELLOW BUTTERFLIES.

WHAT honey in the year's last flowers can hide
These little yellow butterflies may know :
With falling leaves they waver to and fro,
Or on the swinging tops of asters ride.



NARCISSUS.

WHERE the black hemlock slants athwart the stream
He came to bathe; the sun's pursuing beam
Laid a warm hand upon him, as he stood
Naked, while noonday silence filled the wood.
Holding the boughs o'erhead, with cautious foot
He felt his way along the mossy root
That edged the brimming pool; then paused and
dreamed.

Half like a dryad of the tree he seemed,
Half like the naiad of the stream below,
Suspended there between the water's flow
And the green tree-top world.

Henry A. Beers.



THE day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver.

Longfellow.

OUR CIRCLE.

FORTH from the dust we spring, and run
About the green earth's patient breast, —
Our little day. At set of sun
Into her bosom creep and rest.

Augusta Moore.



THE BIRD.

A-FLOATING, a-floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmast tree.

“ Oh, came you from the isles of Greece
Or from the banks of Seine?
Or off some tree in forests free
That fringe the western main?”

“ I came not off the Old World,
Nor yet from off the New;
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through.”

Charles Kingsley.

YET, ah, that Spring should vanish with the rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows?

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb, whose tender green
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen?

Omar Kháyyám.



O SPIRIT of the Spring, delay, delay!
Be chary of thy gifts; by slow degrees
Roll back the leafy tide on forest trees;
And in all fields keep thou a jealous sway,
Lest the low grass break into sudden spray,
And clover toss its purples on the breeze.
Bind fast those lily-buds, that prying bees
Shall have no entrance, murmur as they may!

Edith M. Thomas.

NATURE.

SILENT and serene,

The plastic soul emancipates her kind.
She leaves the generations to their fate,
Uncompromised by grief. She cannot weep:
She sheds no tears for us, — our mother, Nature!
She is ne'er rude nor vexed, not rough or careless;
Out of temper ne'er, patient as sweet, though winds
In winter brush her leaves away, and time
To human senses breathes through frost.

W. Ellery Channing, of Concord.



TO A WATER-FOWL.

WHITHER 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way.

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Bryant.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

Shelley.



THE OASIS OF SIDI KHALED.

How the earth burns! Each pebble underfoot
Is as a living thing with power to wound.
The white sand quivers; and the footfall mute
Of the slow camels strikes but gives no sound,
As though they walked on flame, not solid ground.
'T is noon, and the beasts' shadows even have fled
Back to their feet; and there is fire around
And fire beneath, and overhead the sun.

From "The Love Sonnets of Proteus."

MONADNOCK.

A SCORE of airy miles will smooth
Rough Monadnock to a gem.

Dark flower of Cheshire garden,
Red evening dully dyes
Thy sombre head with rosy hues
To fix far-gazing eyes.



SOLAR insect on the wing,
In the garden murmuring,
Soothing with thy summer horn
Swains by winter pinched and worn.

Emerson.



AND 't is, and ever was, my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,
And not reproached me; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

Landor.

THE redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is,
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet.

James Thomson.



THE LOTUS-EATERS.

MUSIC that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the bliss-
ful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
sleep.

CENONE.

FOR now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow; and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop; the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love.

Tennyson.



THE twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea;
For every wave with dimpled cheek
That leaped upon the air
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.



THERE scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Gray.

SPRING.

THE warring hosts of Winter and of Spring
Are hurtling o'er the plains;
All night I heard their battle-clarions ring
And jar the window panes.

Slowly the victor Spring her foe outflanks,
And countermines his snows;
Then, unawares, along the grassy banks
Her ambushed violets throws.

Soon she will mask with buds of fragrant white
Her arsenals of thorns,
And lift her rosebush banners to the light
Of soul-entrancing morns.

Along the fields her fairy troops shall hide,
And conquer by their grace,
And shake their flowery crests, and far and wide
The surly frosts displace.

C. P. Cranch.



THE CROCUS.

THE spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.

SPRINGTIME.

WHEN the green earth, beneath the zephyr's wing,
Wears on her breast the varnished buds of Spring;
When the loosed current, as its folds uncoil,
Slides in the channels of the mellowed soil;
When the young hyacinth returns to seek
The air and sunshine, with her emerald beak;
When the light snowdrops, starting from their cells,
Hang each pagoda with its silver bells.



THE PLOUGHMAN.

CLEAR the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

.
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

O. W. Holmes.

THE simple, the sincere delight;
The habitual scene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetches' purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume, —
Theirs, theirs alone, who cultivate the soil,
And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.



YE mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise.

Milton.



SWEET airs are blowing on the rose of May :
Sweet eyes are shining down the garden gay :
Aught sweet of dead Yestreen you cannot say, —
No more of it — so sweet is this To-day !

Omar Kháyyám.



SWEET Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

George Herbert.

AUTUMN.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad-beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

Thomas Buchanan Read.



A ROBIN REDBREAST in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.

William Blake.

SNOWFLAKES.

ELFIN-CHISELLED

Aëry wheelets,
Chariot-wreckage dire of battle,
Sylph-plumes shorn from snowy helmets,
Downward dropping, ever floating
Into view, —

How, I pray you, goes the struggle
Of the serried Ariel soldiers,
Where the white smoke of their powder
Stains the blue?

W. S. Kennedy.



LONG since it went, the flush from all the landscape,
And with it went the long, bright days of summer.
At this calm evening, in the sere October,
Clear glows the sun along the western hillside,
And on the streamlet in the silent meadow
Sleeps the soft sunshine of the golden sunset.
Bare are the trees, in yonder copse of maples,
That stand midway the slope below the woodland,
Through which the pleasant autumn sun is shining,
And in the copse, about a lonely headstone,
Are thickly strown the scarlet leaves and yellow.

THE landscape no longer is smiling ;
The trees in the woodland are sere ;
The willow leaves swim in the brook ;
By the door the shrill cricket I hear.

The lily blows not in the meadow ;
Now all the June roses are dead.
The sparrows and kinglets have come ;
But the thrush and the swallow have fled.

But the thrush will come back, and the swallow,
When the sun shall have melted the snows ;
To the meadow the lily return,
To the garden, next season, the rose.

The Spring to man's life twice comes not,
Not twice to its landscape its flush ;
Blooms the rose or the lily but once,
But once come the swallow and thrush !

M. F. Bridgman.



SUMMER is come : for every spray forth springs ;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;
The fishes flit with new repaired scale.

Old Writer.

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

As dyed in blood, the streaming vines appear,
While long and low the wind about them grieves;
The heart of Autumn must have broken here
And poured its treasure out upon the leaves.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

JANUARY.

I BLOCK the roads and drift the fields with snow;
I chase the wild fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow;
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

H. W. Longfellow.

. . . JANUARY is here,
With eyes that keenly glow, —
A frost-mailed warrior striding
A shadowy steed of snow.

Edgar Fawcett.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out owre the grassy lea.

Burns.

FROST PICTURES.

THE frosty toil of Fays by night
On pane of casement clear,
Where bright the mimic glaciers shine,
And Alps with many a mountain pine,
And armèd knights from Palestine,
In winding march appear.

Washington Allston.



THIS is the flail, —
The noisy flail, whose loud uproar
Wears on the oaken threshing-floor;
A measured beat, a ringing round,
A hardened resonance of sound!
The long, low scaffolds wax and wane,
Down drop the sheaves of garnered grain,
And empty, careless, laughter-wild,
The yellow straw is loosely piled.

Elaine Goodale.



NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.

Burns.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Burns.



No daintie flowre or herbe that grows on grownd,
No arboret with painted blossoms drest,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be found,
To bud out faire and throw her sweets around!

Spenser.



LONG and long has the grass been growing,
Long and long has the rain been falling,
Long has the globe been rolling round.

Walt Whitman.

NEGRO CORN-SHUCKING SONG.

NIGGER mighty happy w'en he layin' by co'n —
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
Nigger mighty happy w'en he year de dinner-ho'n —
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
En he mo' happy still w'en de night draws on —
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
Dat sun 's a-slantin' des ez sho 's you bo'n!
En it 's rise up, Primus! fetch anudder yell:
Dat ole dun cow 's des a-shakin' up 'er bell,
En de frogs chunin' up, fo' de jew done fell:
Good night, Mr. Killdee! I wish you mighty well!
Mr. Killdee! I wish you mighty well!
I wish you mighty well!
Joel Chandler Harris.



THE ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.

Shakspeare.

THE SUN-DEW PLANT.

A LITTLE marsh plant, yellow-green,
And pricked at lip with tender red.
Tread close, and either way you tread
Some faint black water-jets between,
Lest you should bruise the curious head.

A live thing, maybe ; who shall know ?
The summer knows and suffers it ;
For the cool moss is thick and sweet
Each side, and saves the blossom so
That it lives out the long June heat.

Swinburne.



PROUDLY the flood comes in, shouting, foaming, advancing,
Long it holds at the high, with bosom broad outswelling,
All throbs, dilates — the farms, woods, streets of cities
— workmen at work,
Mainsails, topsails, jibs appear in the offing — steamers'
pennants of smoke — and under the forenoon sun,
Freighted with human lives, gayly the outward bound,
gayly the inward bound,
Flaunting from many a spar the flag I love.

Walt Whitman.

GORGYTHION.

AND as a crimson poppy-flower, surcharged with his
seed,
And vernal humors falling thick, declines his heavy brow,
So a-oneside his helmet's weight his fainting head did
bow.

Chapman (Iliad).



HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their pretty eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise.

Shakspeare.



PHEBE, idle Phebe,
On the doorstep in the sun,
Drops the ripe red currants
Through her fingers, one by one.

Lucy Larcom.

IN the dooryard fronting an old farm-house, near the
whitewashed palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped
leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the
perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle — and from this bush in the
dooryard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves
of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

Walt Whitman.



LULL'D and late is the smoke of the First-day morning,
It hangs low over the rows of trees by the fences,
It hangs thin by the sassafras and wild-cherry and cat-
briar under them.

Idem.



THE FIREFLY.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white,
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk,
Nor winks the gold-fin in the porphyry font ;
The firefly wakens, waken thou with me.

Tennyson.

SONG OF THE MOCKING BIRD.

AND when Night's vast and shadowy urn
O'erbrims with dreams,
I stir the vales of sleep with my nocturne ;
 Slowly, tenderly,
 Outflow its rippling streams
To blend with Night's still sea of mystery ;
The pungent savor of the dewy buds,
The coolness and the languor of old woods,
And the slow murmur of the darkling rills,
 My art distils
Into a subtle philter, wild, intense,
 Of tenuous melody
 And slumbrous harmony,
 Blown round the dusky hills
Through fragrant, fruity tropic thickets dense,
 Lingering and lapsing on,
 And lost before the dawn !

Maurice Thompson.

DAY BREAKING.

SEE the dappled gray coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.

John Marston.

EPHEMERA.

MIDGES and moths, — ay, all you restless things
That dance and tourney in the fields of air :—
You, Psyche's postmen, trim and debonair,
With eye-like freckles on your bronzed wings ;
You, candle elves, whose strange emblazonings
With sign of death our ancient gossips scare,
Or who, when sleeps the humming-bird, repair
With stealthy beaks to drain the honey-springs,—
Your secret 's out ! I know you for the souls
Of all light loves that ever caused heartache,
Still dancing suit as some new beauty toles !

Edith M. Thomas.



UNDER the oak, and under the birk,
Dance a light round ;
Under the May moon, treading a cirque
On the mossy ground !

Soft hand to hand, and oft lip to lip,
Dance a light round ;
Thus it is that we fairies trip
O'er enchanted ground.

Edith M. Thomas.

BUTTERFLIES.

FLY, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a low, long sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly.

Swinburne.

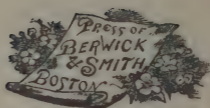


A THOUSAND miles of mighty wood,
Where thunder-storms stride fire-shod;
A thousand plants at every rod,
A stately tree at every rood;
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,
And each a miracle to me, —
Yet there be men who doubt of God!

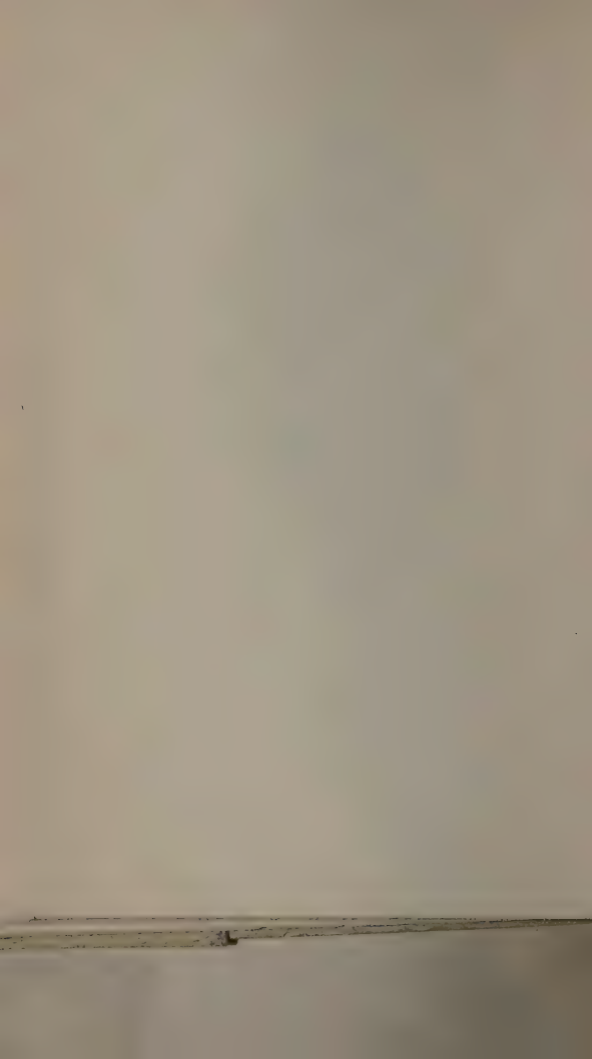
Joaquin Miller.

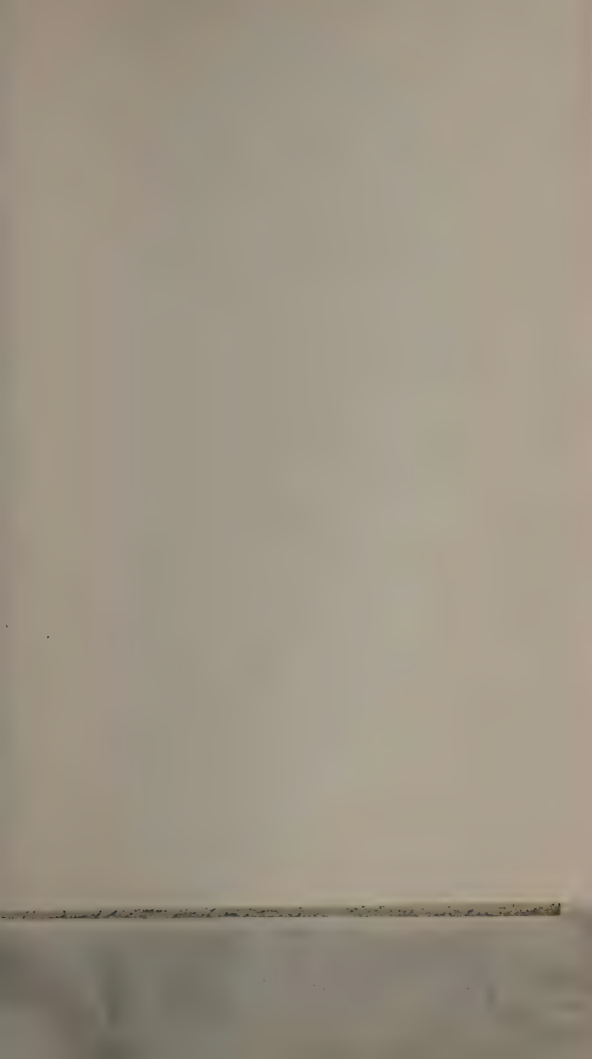


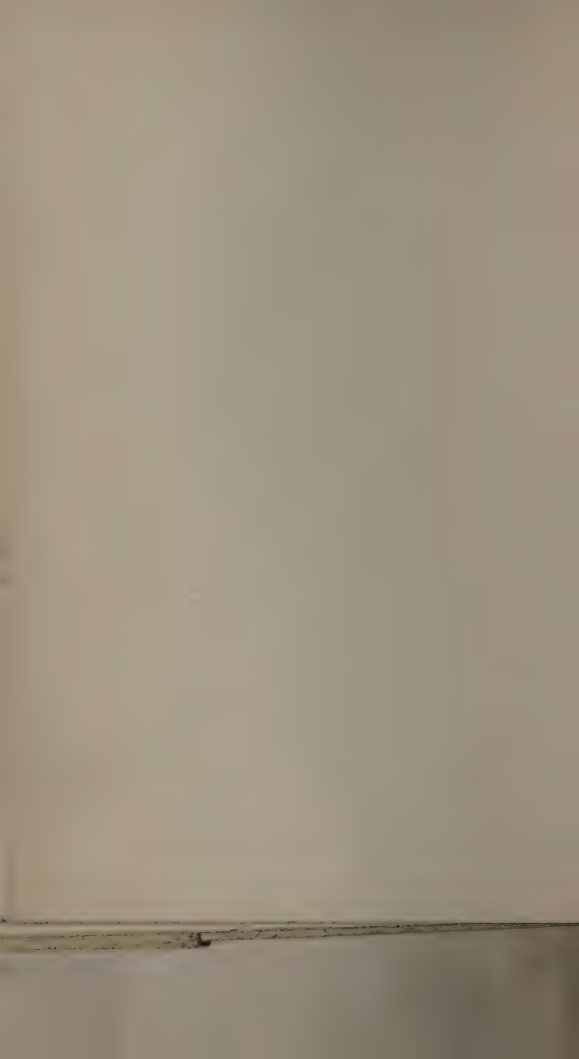
To the close ambush hastening at high noon
When the hot locust spins his Zendic rune.
W. E. Channing, of Concord.

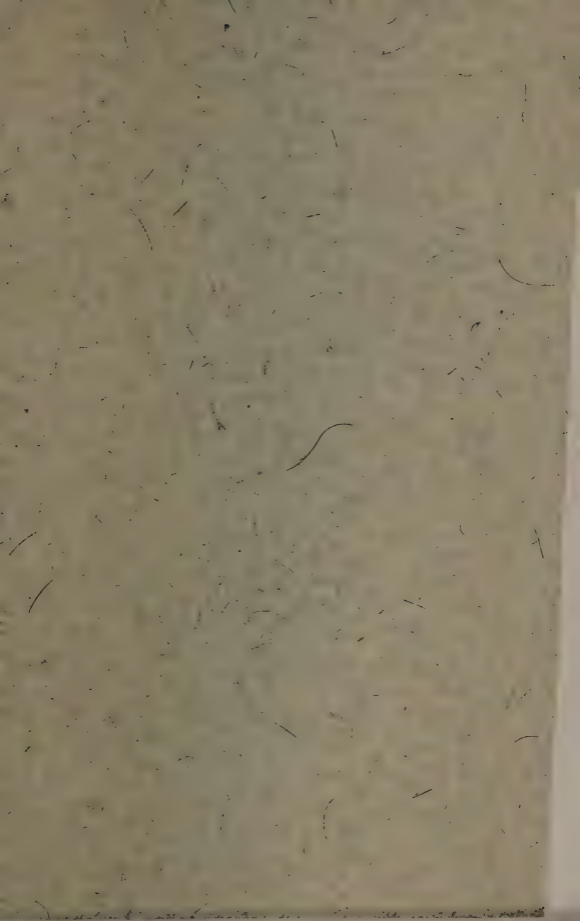


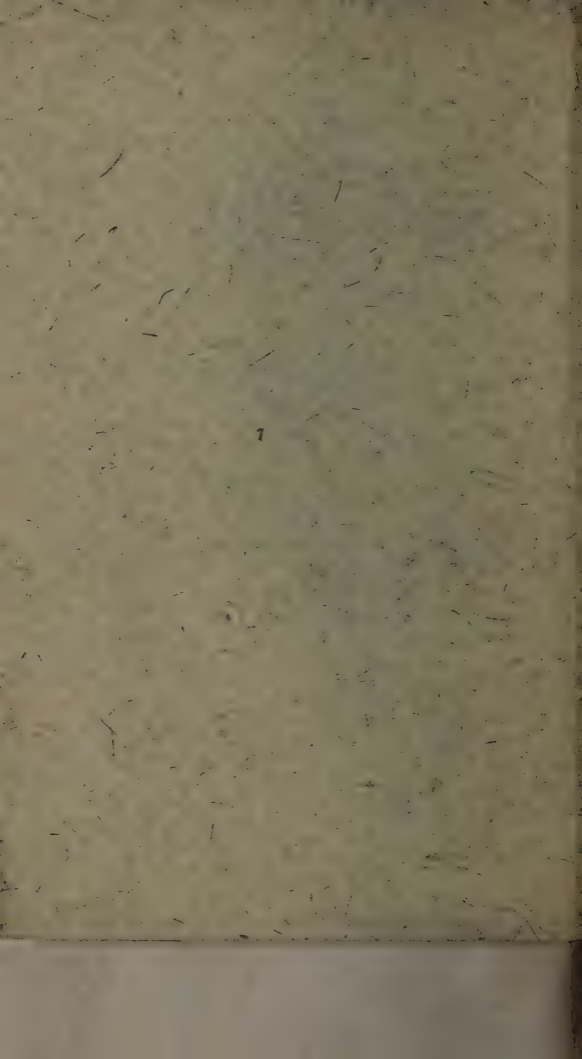














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